

PAYNE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Streamlets of Poetry

✻ BY ✻

G. W. PORTER, D. D.

Author of "Race Poems"



PRINTED BY THE A. M. E. BOOK CONCERN

Philadelphia



Pennsylvania

1912

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Rev. G. W. Porter, D. D.

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Author's Preface

In presenting this little volume to the reading public, I wish to express my heartfelt thanks for the manner in which my first effort was received and for the many favorable comments which have come to me from all over the country, upon the little booklet, "RACE POEMS."

The poems in the present volume are made up of some of those which appeared in the first and others which the author has written under various circumstances while laboring in the work of the regular ministry. Nothing particularly great is claimed, in the way of poetic production, in these humble writings, but it is the earnest desire of the author through this simple method to reach a class of people who will be inspired by what is here written. Many have been the letters of thanks received for my first little book, from parents, children and teachers throughout the country, and this is largely responsible for the present effort. If by this means I may be instrumental in helping to lift the shadows which hang over the homes of struggling people, I shall feel myself amply paid for the trouble of making the effort.

AUTHOR.

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A Poet

"Well," said he with much surprise "a poet ;
And all these fleeting years I did not know it."
Is it with astonishment you ask how did he find it out ?
It was by simply writing down his real thoughts.

To his crude mind, a poet had always been,
Something far above beings like ordinary men.
Great imaginative powers thought he they must possess ;
With golden gifts from nature, and with much learning
blessed.

Nor did he think the humble songs which rose up from his
soul,
In telling strains ; while nature did unfold,
Were poetry ; nor would be classed as such,
By those who knew, by having studied much.

Full forty years his soul had sweetly sung,
In plaintive tones, with words and notes unstrung ;
Some times in merry glee with thoughts uplift high,
And then with tears and grief, sad heart and weeping eye.

In all these fleeting years had he but wrote
The songs which came, that others might apply the note ;
Some good no doubt would come to those who stay,
To him some little fame attach when gone away.

"But still," said he, "it's not too late, I'll sing them yet;
As years go by I'll tune the lyre and touch the frets;
And all the world shall learn of humble hearts,
And folk lore of a race which never can depart."

"I'll sing of toiling Ruben and his piles of wood,
Of sweet Malinda, girl domestic, pure and good;
Of Sampson and the Dinah whom he loved,
Sing of those on earth and those in heaven above."

Sing of the trials and triumphs of Adam's ebbon sons,
Of howling storms and dashing billows since they first be-
gun
To walk alone, unaided, up the way
Of thrift and progress to a better day.

My songs shall blend and mingle with celestial fire,
For God shall dwell among them to inspire
And touch the hearts that hear them with delight,
And make the dawning day, yet still more bright.

No home shall be too humble for my sweetest song,
And none too much exalted, learned or strong;
For I'll sing only goodness, purity and truth,
Which can but inspire old, and middle age and youth.

Sweep Before Your Own Door

Jerusalem's streets in ancient time
Were cleaned by rich and poor;
For each man swept the trash which lay
In front of his own door.

So all were busy day by day,
And did not seek to know,
What happened in the neighbor's house
Or who should come and go.

'Tis quite enough for all to do,
To cut the weeds that grow,
And clear away the sticks and trash
And sweep before the door.

How happy all this world would be!
If each the grass would mow;
And clear the weeds from his own home,
And sweep before the door.

If those who live in modern time,
A lesson right would know,
They'd stay at home and get a broom
And sweep before the door.

They would not leave their work undone
To meddle more and more,
With people who have cleaned the streets
And sweep before the door.

There'd be no time for idle talk
Of things that's mean and low,
If each would take the time to work
And sweep before the door.

Don't Marry

Don't marry boys, till you're big enough,
And you're not big enough until

You can live in a home on land of your own,
With some money to spend at your will.

Don't marry boys till you've sense enough,
And have learned some things of life;
Fine dress and looks may do for a girl,
But it takes much more for a wife.

Don't marry boys till you've studied enough,
And this you will find you've not done,
Till you've learned other rules than those of the
school,
And it is wicked to marry for fun.

Don't marry girls till you're old enough,
And you're not old enough before
You can walk with a man without holding his hand
And bid him goodnight at the door.

Don't marry girls, till you're strong enough,
To support with great ease your own weight.
Till you stand up alone, with strength of your own,
And not hang like a hinge on the gate.

Don't marry girls, till you've learned enough,
To know if a man will be true;
If for home he will work or quit it and shirk,
And leave all these duties to you.

Don't marry a man not inclined enough
To flee from the ways of a dude,
If he's lazy he'll fail and he may go to jail.
For the indolent can not be good.

Don't marry I pray, neither boys nor girls,
Till you have good, hard, common sense,
For your learning in books and beautiful looks,
Can never for this recompense.

The Black Girl Shall Be Queen

If virtue shines bright up in heaven,
If worth be enthroned in the sky,
If reward shall to character be given,
If the good and the true never die,
If queens from the earth shall be taken,
If mortals shall reign up above,
Then the black girl, so oft' here forsakened,
Shall be queen in the kingdom of love.

She has stood all the tests of the ages,
She has met all the friends, rich and poor
She has conquered the beasts in their rages,
She has battled with vice, high and low.
She has all through the fight saved her honor,
She is great, she is good, she is true,
If woman has a crown placed upon her,
The black girl will be crowned as her due.

No woman has been so vexed and tempted,
None else so pursued and decried,
None else so abused and neglected,
None else so cast down and denied,
None else so much wronged and maltreated,
None who drank so much bitterness and gall,
If those who suffer most, be crowned in heaven,
The black girl will be crowned queen of all.

There are other queens of earth, pure and lovely ;
There are others who to men have been true,
There are others with great walls built about them,
Yes, others who are safe and secure.
But the black girl, bereft of protection,
Takes the storm and the cold and the rain,
When they go to the skies for inspection,
The black girl will be queen of the train.

The Right Kind Of Stuff

Now my boy, you should cease all repining,
And talking of things that are rough,
If you'll work with your might
You will make it all right,
If you're made of the right kind of stuff.
It may be a long, weary, journey
Up mountains and hills that are rough,
Just go on with a will
And you'll get up the hill,
If you're made of the right kind of stuff.
Some people will try to impede you
And give you quite trouble enough,
But they can't keep you back
While you stay on the track,
If you're made of the right kind of stuff.
Keep your mind ever firm on your duty,
Though its path may be rugged and rough,
It will smooth as you go
From the valleys below,
If you're made of the right kind of stuff.

Your success will depend on your courage,
And of this you should have quite enough,
It will not let you fail
And will always prevail,
If you're made of the right kind of stuff.
The world looks for men who're determined,
Who will stay in the road, smooth or rough,
So just go on and try.
It will place you on high,
If you're made of the right kind of stuff.
Booker Washington was born in a shanty,
Frederick Douglass in a place just as rough,
But both got up high
And their names cannot die,
They were made of the right kind of stuff.

The Heroine Of The Delta

In the bosom of the great Yazoo Delta,
Lived a woman of African blood,
In a cabin on a great plantation,
Where she toiled for raiment and food.
She was the wife of a plantation toiler,
She was the mother of children she loved,
She was the servant of the plantation owner,
She was the follower of Jesus above.
As was often the case in the Delta,
Her brave husband was thrown into strife
With a meddler upon the plantation,
Which cost the intruder his life.

Judge Lynch held his court in the Delta,
And poor Harry knew well what it meant,
So he left with great speed for the thickets
To escape the grim judge's intent.

Said the woman, the wife and the mother,
"My husband's not guilty, I know,
He was only defending our cabin,
So I'll follow where ever he goes."

Through swamps, over bayous and rivers,
Our heroine went with her love,
Chased by bloodhounds and horses and
hunters,
Only trusting to heaven above.

In the day they lay low in the brambles,
In the night they would try to escape,
But surrounded by bloodhounds and hunters,
They were driven to yield their fate.

It was a beautiful, bright Sunday morning,
When they broke from the shadowy glen,
And were captured by angry pursuers,
That were more like demons than men.

How these captors raved and hooted
And shouted for vengeance and blood,
But our heroine stood there undaunted,
Refusing to utter a word.

"Confess your crime," they demanded,
While the corkscrew sank deep in her breast,
But her eyes only looked up to heaven,
As the name of her Savior she blessed.

The corkscrew, the whip and the dagger
Were all tried in vain on her flesh,
As she looked in pure love to her husband,
Then upward to heaven for rest.

"O, God,!!" she cried out in her anguish,
"I have only been true to my love,
If it's right that I suffer this torture,
I know I shall live up above."

"Please in mercy, look down on my children,
Save my husband, here dying with me,
Through the portals of glory eternal,
We shall soon enter heaven with Thee."

"We are dying for a crime not committed,
We can die, but we cannot confess,
The deed we have done is heroic,
There can be no repentance for this."

Now, the torture had failed of it's purpose,
No confession, no owning of crime,
But the lynchers grew furious with anger,
While their leader marked out a new line.

"To the stake," cried the leader of demons,
"To the stake," his hobgoblins replied,
And they fastened poor Mary and Harry,
In the same way that martyrs have died.

Dry wood and combustible matter
Were piled 'round their quivering forms,
Then flames from oil ignited,
Swept over their bodies forlorn.

But the flames for torture intended,
Were into bright angels transformed,
And wafted away these two spirits
To heaven, their beautiful home.

Ah! When bards shall sing in the future,
And rise above color lines,
Poor Mary and Harry will linger,
In music and poetry sublime.

Kick And Live

Two ugly gray toads were hopping about,
In the smooth, dewy grass soft as silk,
And they hopped to a cellar and fell through a hole,
Right into a great churn of milk.

"Now," said the first toad, "We're done for I'm sure,
And I know it is no use to try,
So I'll just give it up and sink in the milk,
And go to the bottom and die."

So saying, he sank deep down in the milk,
And bubbles came up as he cried,
He struggled a while like a toad of his ilk,
And then gave it all up and died.

Said toad number two, "I surely will try,"
And swiftly he commenced to kick.
"While I can keep from it, I'm not going to die,
For I'm certain that I am not sick."

So he kicked and he kicked till his limbs grew tired
And his little heart got in a flutter;
But he kept kicking on, determined to live,
Till he churned up a large cake of butter.

He then crawled on the butter to rest,
And get back his strength which was gone,
Took a good drink of milk and gave a great spring,
And landed safe out on the ground.

And now, stupid ones, take a lesson I pray,
From the brave little toad number two,
And just keep a kicking and kicking away,
And make up your minds to get through.

If you fall into trouble which you can't understand,
Don't give up too quick with a sigh,
And go whirling down through the mire and the sand,
And sink to the bottom and die.

Just get up and kick and kick up and get,
Till you make a firm place on the ground,
Kick all of your troubles up into one set,
And then get upon them and bound.

Rastus And Bill

Rastus and Bill were neighbors indeed,
In the place where they lived so 'tis said,
And in matters of business they always agreed,
Provided: that Bill could be head.

They went in as partners and bought a good cow,
For the sake of the butter and milk
Bill kept her at home, just to show Rastus how,
To make a cow look fine as silk.

"Jes bring hur sum korn," to Rastus he'd say,
"Sum klover an kotton seed tu,"
"An I'll keep de meuk and buttar to pa,
Fur keepin dis kow fur yu."

So Rastus kept bringing the feed to the cow,
While Bill got the butter and milk
And kept it from Rastus, who couldn't see how,
And the cow did grow fine as silk.

Said Rastus to Bill as he came up one day,
"Dar's won thing I can't se fur tru,
I's er feedin dis kow wid korn an wid ha,
An de meuk an de buttar goes ter yu.

"Wy, Rastus," said Bill, "I thot yu cude se,
Owner pardnership business so nu.
Wun en uv dis kow hear longers to me
De udder en longers to yu."

"De back en uv dis kow hear longers to me;
De frunt en to yu, I'de vow,
So took ye sef off an git sumpn to feed
An keep up yo en uv dis kow."

So Rastus went off with a thought in his heart
That Bill had the best of the cow:
But when the sun went down and the night grew dark,
He thought of a trick he would do.

So he came back that night while Bill was asleep,
And up to the cow lot he crept
And butchered the cow, took his part for beef
And Bill's part he honestly left.

Now, as usual, Bill got up quite early next morn,
And went out to look for the cow:
And his half was there and the other half gone,
But to save him he couldn't tell how.

Now Rastus came walking back of the lot,
Bill spoke, without making a bow
To Rastus and said, in words quick and hot,
"Now, hoo dat dun kill ower kow?"

"Dun no hoo kill ower kow," Rastus said,
While the laughter he shook in both sides,
"I jes nock mi en uv de kow in de hed,
I reckon yo en muster dide."

March On

Dedicated to the Negro Ministry

March on ye soldiers of the cross,
Sweep forth in one victorious host,
The day of victory draweth nigh
When you shall lay your armor by.

March on, though hell oppose your way,
Your God commands, ye must obey;
Great is the triumph you shall have,
Eternal life beyond the grave.

March on and stop not to complain,
Nor count your tears and toil in vain,
For He, whose cause you now revere
Will wipe away each falling tear.

March on, till in the Beulah land
Close by His throne you take your stand,
With saints and angels there to adore.
One Triune God for evermore.

When Booker Came To Town

Dedicated to Mr. L. M. Sharpe, who walked beside Mr. Washington's carriage throughout the parade at Clarksville, Tenn.,
November 23rd, 1909

Of all the things that's been this year
Both common and renowned,
The greatest in my judgment was,
When Booker came to town.

I met him at the station when
He lighted to the ground,
I shook his hand and shouted, "Sir,
I'm glad you've come to town."

I walked beside his carriage close
While others stood around,
The greatest man I ever saw,
Was Booker in our town.

The marshall tried to push me from
His carriage most renowned,

But Booker said, "Just let him be,
He welcomes me to town."

We marched the streets and beat the drums,
And made the bugles sound,
You never heard of such a noise
When Booker came to town.

Our good white folks took notice too,
And shut their business down,
They all will turn their heads to look,
When Booker comes to town.

Our orators just tried themselves,
With speeches deep and sound,
They always do their best you know,
When Booker comes to town.

He made a speech, right up and up
Of wisdom pure and sound,
The thing we must do every year,
Have Booker come to town.

We gave him turkey, ham and eggs
And pound cake good and brown.
We'll always have such things to eat,
When Booker comes to town.

Keep Your Feet On The Ground

When a boy, I used to wrestle,
With the lads about the town,
And the fellow was the chieftain
Who could throw the other down.

The older boys would match us
While the people stood around,
And they'd never try to catch us
When our backs bumped the ground
How they'd fill the air with laughter,
As we swung each other 'round,
For they knew the fall was coming
When our feet were clear the ground.

There is one thing I remember,
And it's logic good and sound,
It was pretty hard to throw me
When my feet were on the ground;
But when a boy could lift me up
And swing me 'round and 'round,
He was very apt to do the trick
Which always brought me down,
So at last I learned the lesson, -
That is, wisdom most profound.
A man to stand upon his feet
Must keep them on the ground.

Now,—the race is in a wrestle,
With great questions all around,
And it can not hope to conquer
With its feet clear off the ground.
We must own the land and till it,
Buy the farms and make the towns,
Never let the other fellow
Get your feet above the ground.
Learn the lesson how to wrestle
Never stop to fret and frown,
Never let the other fellow,
Swing you clear and throw you down.

If you own some land, then keep it,
To your children hand it down,
Buy the farms out in the country,
Buy the lots about the town.
Buy the rich land and the poor land,
Buy the red land and the brown,
Do not let your feet be swinging,
Renting houses, moving 'round.
Get upon some place and stay there,
Make your stake and drive it down,
It's the only way to wrestle,
Keep your feet upon the ground.

The Negro Is Getting Better

Well, the Negro is getting better,
I can see it every day;
And he's bound to get up higher
No matter what they say.
He knows how to save a dollar
And how to own a home;
He knows how to treat a neighbor,
And how success must come.
He knows how to get a bank account,
And how to make it stay;
He knows how in sunny weather,
He must mow and save his hay.
He knows that one gold dollar,
Is worth a hundred cents,
And he knows the way to get it.
Is to live with small expense.

He knows that an education
Is a blessing to his sons;
He knows how to storm a battery,
Standing close behind the guns.

He knows how to treat his enemy,
And how to love his friends;
When confronted with great danger,
He is faithful to the end.

Yes, the Negro's getting better,
And his future's getting bright;
And he's sure to climb the mountain,
Where he dares to do the right.

Our Fathers Were Friends, Why Not We?

The crack and roar of the battle din
From the valleys and hills had ceased:
Two sober, honest and noble men
Were rejoicing over the peace.
One was a Confederate soldier brave,
The other had been a faithful slave

Said the soldier, "Now it's over Tom,
And you and your children are free,
You have been my friend since we were young
And I want you to live with me."
Said Tom, "I was wondering what you'd do
And who would now take care of you."

The white man's face lit up with a smile,
As he saw Tom's honest eye,

And he said, "Do you think me still a child,
And if left alone I'd die?"
Said Tom, "You can not work I know,
It would be a pity to leave you so."

So the honest slave and the soldier brave,
Made a contract there that day,
'They tilled the fields and the crops they saved
And the black man got his pay.
'They toiled on together for many a year,
Each helping the other, with nothing to fear.

But the white man died and his sons came in,
Tom died, his sons went away;
'They knew nothing of that feeling like kin
Which grew up through slavery days.
'The white boys gave up and went off to town,
The briars and weeds then covered the ground.

The confederate braves and the toiling slaves,
Are passing away one by one,
'The sons of the slaves and the sons of the braves,
Should keep the good feeling begun.
Let us toil on together then, year after year,
Protecting each other, with nothing to fear.

If crime be committed, no matter by whom,
Let it have due process of law,
Let us all stand together for country and home,
And keep violators in awe.
Let us work out the problem by doing the right,
And meeting out justice to black and to white.

David And Goliath Number Two

In days gone by when I was young,
And lads and lassies had their fun;
We used to meet in Summer days,
With laughing sports and harmless plays.

We met one day out in the grove,
Just out from town, a mile or so,
And all were happy as could be,
Filled to the brim with merry glee.

Up in the day just after noon,
A big tough man came out from town,
And by his breath and whiskey scent
We knew he came on mischief bent.

He soon began to rave and tear,
To strike the boys and curse and swear,
And many people left for town,
While others dared to stand around.

At last a little man he met,
Who did not draw one hundred weight,
Up to the giant straight he pressed
And asked him cease his recklessness.

"And who are you?" the bully said,
"I'll break your bones and crush your head,"
So at the little man he went,
And slapped him to his heart's content.

The little man then ran away,
It was no use for him to stay,

The bully followed in a rush,
Intending now, to beat him much.

He caught the little fellow soon,
And bent him low upon the ground,
While all stood off with bated breath,
Fearing that Dave was put to death.

The struggle did not linger long,
The bully hallooed loud and strong,
'Nough! Take him off! He's killing me!!'
And all the people said, "Let be."

Little David had got out his knife,
And got to work with all his might,
He cut the giant, hip and thigh,
Till the big sinner thought he'd die.

We called him David number two,
And old Goliath whom he slew,
Was halt and maimed through all his days.
And all the girls sung David's praise.

The Storm King In Tennessee

On a bleak winter's eve the storm king arose
And mounted his chariot of death;
And he rode from the South to the North and the West,
And he blew with his most powerful breath.
He drove up the hills and down through the glen,
And he climbed up the mountains high;
And he left not the trees, nor houses, nor men;
In the way where he passed by.

The horse in the stall and the animals small
Were all laid low by his hand;
Little birds in the trees and things like these
All died at his awful command.

In a cabin that night, lay a little girl quite
Close beside her dear mother in bed;
Grandmother, asleep, both peaceful and deep,
Grandfather and father were dead.

The cabin gave way, to the storm's awful sway,
And the timbers went whirling around,
Grandma and Ma, sailed off through the air,
And the little girl fell to the ground.

Dear mamma was torn and scratched by the thorns,
And left on the pickets near-by;
While Grandma sailed on, keeping up with the storm,
And the little girl was left there to die.

Next morning they found her dead on the ground,
And mother still panting for breath,
And Grandma was found, uninjured and sound,
But she was of clothing bereft.

Now, we often speak of this wonderful freak
By the storm king passing that night;
Though this is but one of the queer things done,
As he rode on in power and might.

The Two Great American Races

There are two great American races,
The white men and the blacks;
There are two great American problems,
The races and the tax.

These two great human races,
In harmony should grow ;
And these tremendous taxes,
By justice be cut low.

The white man loves the black man,
The black man loves the whites ;
But they sometimes have a little tilt.
About each other's rights.

The white man has advantage,
Thinks God ordained it so ;
The black man don't believe it,
And this keeps up the row.

These rows can be averted,
These tilts can be kept down ;
Let each man know, the other has
A space upon the ground.

Let each keep clear the fountain,
Which makes the social stream ;
Prevents admixture of blood,
By measures most extreme.

Let each be educated,
Let all have civil rights ;
This never should bring friction,
Between black men and whites.

If Sambo buys a biscuit,
And Hayseed gets a pie,
Let both have place to eat it,
For why should either die?

In common these two races
Have very much in life;
Then let each do its duty,
And thus avoid the strife.

We Hung The Wrong Man

"Well, boys, I have a sad story to tell,"
Said the leader of a lynching clan;
"In our excited haste to satisfy spleen,
We have certainly hung the wrong man."

"That poor Negro we hanged so high on a tree,
And riddled with bullets and left;
Had nothing to do with the crime we avenged,
And was guiltless as you or myself."

"I have just got a letter and I'll read it to you,
From Mexico, far, far away;
And it's plain on its face—the story is true,
No matter whatever we say."

"Mexico City, in a dark little room,
I am dying out here all alone,
But one thing that troubles and fills me with gloom;
Is the very grave wrong I have done.'

"That poor old Negro we hung on a tree,
And riddled his body with guns;
Died for a crime from which he was free
And an awful deed which I had done.'

"I am ashamed to confess—but I'm dying, you know,
And the truth will have to be told,
So I just got the doctor to write it to you,
And pray God to save my poor soul.

" 'I painted my hands and my face quite complete,
I knew she would think I was black,
And I put on a wig in Negro disguise,
And committed that crime—it's a fact.

" 'O, Dear Mister Blank—forgive me I pray,
Ask others forgive me as well,
Good-bye—I am going—I cannot tell where;
Or whether to heaven or hell.' "

"Now you see," said the leader, "what a blunder we've
made,
And how lynching is wrong in the land;
It is bad enough, boys, when the culprit we get,
But its awful to hang the wrong man."

"No more lynching for me," the leader declared,
"Whatever may lead to the cause;
When crimes are committed by whites or by blacks,
I'll hereafter abide by the laws."

No Chances Given

People often talk of chances,
And the things they haven't got;
Talk of how some folks advances,
And decry their own hard lots.

How they cry, "O, give us chances,
And we'll do as well as they."
Golden moments by them dances,
While they fret from day to day.

Chances are not things that's given,
They are things which people take;
He who would not fain be driven,
Must get up and chances make.

Take a chance at something noble,
Don't be timid, hold it fast,
If by any means it fails you,
Take the next one that should pass.

Take a chance in some great business,
Take a chance in church or state;
If you wait till they are given,
You will surely be too late.

Douglass took a chance at freedom,
And it landed him in jail;
But he kept on taking chances,
And by chances he prevailed.

Payne took chances at education,
And they drove him from the town;
But his chances he kept taking,
Till he made a name renowned.

Now, black men come take your chances,
In the country, in the town;
Take them as the time advances,
Do your work and win your crown.

A Boy's Troubles And Revenge

When I used to go a fishing,
On the creek above the mill,

Very often catching nothing,
Getting hungry, feeling ill.

I was young and didn't mind it,
I would go and go again;
If I caught a little minnow,
Or a crawfish 'twas the same.

Well, one day I went a fishing,
And was really feeling good,
'Till I ran across a fisher
Who was in an ugly mood.

He had many poles extended,
Over the path into the creek;
Never thought he was offended,
As I stepped them over quick.

"Stop, you rascal," loud he shouted,
"Don't you step across my pole,
Give me bad luck here in fishing,
I will kill you, drot your soul."

"Come right back and walk across it,
Walk it backward, don't you speak,"
I came slowly, walking backward,
Tumbled plumb into the creek.

"What you doing?" said the fisher,
"You have broken all my luck."
As I dabbled in the water,
Deeper in the mud I stuck.

I got out and ran to uncle,
On the farm up where I stayed,
Begged him to go whip the fisher,
Uncle laughed and shook his head.

"Well," said I to Uncle Tony.
"If I live to be a man,
I will whip that fellow certain;
Only God can change my plan."

Time went on and I kept growing,
Left the country, went to town;
Went to school and learned my lessons,
Years went by and I was grown.

Then I joined the church and lodges,
Read the books and learned the signs;
Knew about initiations,
Riding goats of many kinds.

Now, the people in the country,
Where that fisher made 'me dodge,
Got them up a little number,
Called us to set up the lodge.

I was placed on the committee,
To go out and do the work;
And accepted it quite gladly,
Was the chairman and the clerk.

When we got out in the country,
Where the work was to be done;
There with those who came to join us;
Was that fisher I had known.

Said I to myself with laughter,
"I have got that fisher now,
I'll not whip as I intended;
But before me he shall bow."

We sat up the lodge and left it,
All in order doing well;
But what *I* did to that fisher,—
It would never do to tell.

The Hair Grower

As I sat in my cottage in the city one day,
A good-looking white man rang at the door;
And I answered his call without much delay
And invited him into my quiet abode.
He sat in a chair with his hat on his head,
And went on to tell in a wonderful way;
What he had in his satchel, for women and men,
Who had heads that were bald and hairs that were gray.
On bald heads in six weeks the hair would grow back,
And if falling out it would stop it at once;
And in far less time, gray hairs would turn black,
And the baldheaded man, said he, was a dunce.
I thought of my own head so fast getting bald,
As I listened with rapture to the story he told;
And wondered if Providence sent him to call,
Just to save my poor pate from the wind and the cold.
And now, as I fancied my hair coming back;
The agent unwittingly let his hat fall
Bending over his satchel to get at his packs;
And I looked—and behold! His *own* head was bald.

Bereft Of Father

Dedicated to the Family of Rev. Wm. Flagg, Jr.

"My father is dead," said a beautiful girl,
While the tear drops were fast streaming down ;
"We are left to contend with a treacherous world,"
And she covered her face so brown.

"He gave up his life for the church, it is true,
To the wrong he never would bow ;
Yes, he sacrificed all, did all he could do ;
Will the church remember us now?"

"My mother and sisters are left here with me,
No fortune, no beautiful home,
His labors he gave to the church full and free,
And died before recompense came."

Four tender young souls must now face the world,
And struggle for raiment and food ;
You never can know what confronts the black girl,
As she labors and tries to be good.

The Versatile Man

There is one thing I do not know,
And cannot understand ;
Just how one man can be changed up,
To many kinds of men.

A man came to my house one day,
With satchels full of books :

And as my daughter let him in,
He smiled and bowed and crooked.

"Is Mr. Johnson in?" he asked,
And Lucy answered, "Yes,"
"This is Miss Johnson I suppose?
My name is Simon Hess."

As I came in he smiled and bowed,
And grasped my hand so tight;
"Why Mr. Johnson, how are you?
I'm glad to see you quite."

"Why Mr. Booker Washington,
And Bishop Turner, too,
Have bought the books which I have here,
And sent me 'round to you."

"Here's Mr. Douglass, Mr. Bruce,
And all of your great men;
Yes, Mrs. Coppin and Miss Wells,
And all the rest of them."

I bought the books, of course I did,
Just as we always do;
He bowed and smiled and smiled and bowed,
And bid us all adieu.

This Mr. Hess made quite a sum
Of money on the sly:
By selling trash to folks like me,
Who always want to buy.
One day I met with Mr. Hess,
Who had position got,

As railroad agent in the town
Where he had cast our lot.

I greeted him as Mr. Hess,
He said, "Hello, old man."
I said, "It's Mr. Johnson, sir,"
He would not understand.

He grinned and swore and frowned at me,
When I tried to explain;
And said, "You're just a nigger, sir,
I care not for your name."

He lost his job and then he went,
Out speaking on the stump;
A big black man up by his side,
Whose name was Mr. Crump.

The people came from far and near,
Upon the speaking day;
To see the Honored Simon Hess,
And hear what he would say.

He talked of slavery and of wrong;
Of Ku-Klux and of clans,
Until our men were all convinced,
That Hess was just the man.

Of course he got elected, sure,
They voted for him strong.
But we have since detected, too,
That all have voted wrong.

Now, when a man comes to your house
With books and trash to sell,
Don't buy from him unless you know,
He is not versatile.

Uncle Moses On The High Price Of Living

De white folks is allus er torkin
Kas it cos um so much ter liv ;
An da make er big fus up in congress,
Kaze no hep de congress ul give.

De beef trus done run up de cattle,
Tel de kow jump over de moon,
Poke chops jump up like er sky bird,
An de butcher ways lard wid er spoon.

De nigger, he done lef de plantation,
Kaze de white man kan't pa him no mo,
He wurk all de year an git nothin,
An at Krismus de nigger mus go.

Now yu white folks cum hear Uncle Moses,
An he'l tel yu wat make it dis wa :
Ni on to aity years he's been livin,
An he knows jest er bout wat to sa.

Git back to de days uv yor daddies,
Let de po folks hav sumpen to du,
Let him have sum horses an cattle,
An raze pigs an chickens like yu.

Let de nigger hav horses an buggies
He not gwine to do yu no harm ;
Let im hav er good place fur his chilon
An den de will sta on de farm.

When de nigger fus started fum slavry,
He raze lots uv kattle an hogs,

An fowls uv all kins up to turkeys
An aigs was as comon as frogs.

But yu white folks keep maken it harder,
By all uv yu posten yor lan,
An passen dem lors bout no fences,
Tel yu done put us all in won ban.

Let de hogs run at large an eat acorns,
Let de kattle rome over de planes,
Let de fowls run out in de barn yard,
While de big feel is covered wid grane.

Dar's plenty uv lan fur de peepul,
An plenty fur de kattle an hogs,
Jes fence up de place fur de plantin
An leave out de bottoms an bogs.

Let de nigger raze turkeys an chickens,
Dis wil keep him fum razen yor own,
Let him hav er good skule fur his chilen,
So dey'l sta on de farm when da're grown.

De Nigger will plow yor terbaccer,
Make an gather yor cotton an korn,
An he'll bring down de high price uv livin
An keep yu from feelin forlorn.

So put up de fence on yor places,
An turn out de kattle an sheep,
An de high price uv liven will tumble,
An we'l put de big trus fass ter sleep.

A Relic Of Slavery

There it stands by the road in Fredonia Town,
In the county of Mon't., Tennessee.
Just a miserable relic of what it was known,
Back in days before black men were free.
Just one corner remains to tell the sad tale,
Of its wretchedness, meanness and death;
One iron grate window like a rude country jail,
Is all of the prison that's left.

'Tis the place where man's great sin against man,
In days long gone by was performed,
'Tis the old slave pen, where the wicked demand
Of the trader in flesh gave alarm.
'Twas once a great building of towering stone,
With iron grate windows and doors,
With great locks of steel and chains hanging on,
And large flattened rocks for the floors.

There were staples of iron with chains welded in,
And fetters for ankles and wrists,
And whips hanging by on the great iron pins
Which made up the slave trader's list.
The impudent (?) Negro who dared to express,
A wish to be free from his bonds,
Was thrust in this prison and without redress,
The merciless whip was laid on.

The blood-hound was there for the Negro who shied,
And went to the wood for his life;
And when overtaken, his limbs were all tied
And his blood told the tale of the strife.

Poor mothers were taken away from their babes
And locked in this prison and sold;
And fathers and brothers and husbands and sons,
All went for the slave trader's gold.

To behold this old ruin like a gruesome old fiend,
Standing hard by the great Nashville pike;
And to think of the misery and death it has seen,
Makes us wonder what slavery was like.
As we pass it alone in the stillness of night,
We can still hear the groans of the men
And the screams of the women—in bitterest plight,
And they tell us what slavery has been.

The groans of the men sings the deep toning note
Of a soul both despised and oppressed;
And the screams of the women reach a high key, remote,
Of agonies which know no redress.
'Tis the song of desire, but desire without hope,
Just the peep of a day without light,
Where the good turns to bad and the pure cannot cope,
And where wrong takes the place of the right.

This horrid old relic reminds us afresh,
Of that system which gave it its birth,
But like that old system with all of its gush,
They have both tumbled down to the earth.
Perhaps it is well that a system so mean,
Should have left us a relic to read;
Perhaps it is best for those who've not seen,
To know of past history and deeds.

O, give us a bard to sing the old songs
Of suffering, cruelty and shame;

Let him sing with a heart both pathetic and strong,
Till the whole world shall know of his name.
Let him sing of our fathers who stood the great test,
Of slavery and of wrong and of chains,
Sing the praise of our mothers, whose love was the best,
Sing sweetly, again and again.

Turner College: A Dream

I dreamed I had slept more than fifty long years,
Then awoke from the sweetest repose,
And got myself up without sadness or tears
And walked through a campus enclosed.
'Twas the campus of Old Turner College I found;
With great stately buildings all over the ground.

At first the great sight was too much for my eyes,
And I said, "Can it really be true;
That Old Turner College is built up thus wise
By the work of the people I knew?"
When I found it was true, I shouted for joy,
And thought of the time I was there when a boy.

In the midst of the group stood a building of stone,
All garnished and clean and well kept,
And I asked for the name and they said it was Jones,
Who had finished his labors and slept.
Then I lifted my voice in notes to the sky,
Saying, "He lives in that building, his name cannot die."

On the right and the left of the building described,
Were others of beautiful red,

Near the front of the campus and on either side
Were the homes where the faculty staid.
As my eyes glanced over the wonderful place,
I said, "Praise the Lord, it is all for my race."

Then I walked on the neat grandolithic outspread,
To the gardens and fountains about,
On tablets of stone many names there I read
Of men and women devout.
Many names were engraved of the true and the brave,
Who had labored for Turner ere they slept in the grave.

I then heard the sound of sweet chiming bells,
While the sun was climbing the sky,
Heard voices which mingled like music which swells,
As hundreds of students pass by,
O! The wonderful sight; it was full of delight,
As I gazed on my race in its upward flight.

Some one came to me and said, "Stranger, come in
To the hall where the students are gone."
I gladly accepted and escorted by him,
I entered the building of stone;
'Twas a beautiful place all garnished and white,
And students well trained with manners polite.

Now, a strange thing was done which I'd never seen;
They first called the roll of the dead;
From the first to the last as the record had been,
Each name in its order was read.
How my heart beat with fear, that my name was not there,
As I thought of the little I had done while there.

But at last when it came and I heard my own name,
I was thrilled to my heart with delight ;
But my voice answered "I" when the sound of it came,
And this put the hall in a plight.
The commotion which came put an end to my dream,
And I rose quickly up, thinking what can it mean.

Moral

Let us do while we're here,
That our names may be there.

Reminiscence

Way back in the hush of dark years gone by,
When a small boy I stood by my dear father's knee,
With sweet childish eye I looked up in his face
And that dear, earnest father looked down upon me.
I heard him say, "Darling, and can it be true,
That freedom has come and dawned upon you?"
Then his tears began streaming, he was clapping his hands,
But the reason for this I could not understand.

He pressed me so close to his great throbbing breast,
That I struggled for ease as his bosom I pressed ;
But he held me the closer as he shouted aloud,
"Darling, you can be a man, though I never could."
"I will send you to school," he loudly proclaimed ;
"Good books I will buy and your mind shall be trained ;
You'll be learned and wise and an honorable man."
Then he laughed and he cried ; I could not understand.

Fleeting years kept passing while we lived on the farm,
And my uncle taught school in a room in the barn,
For he had been taught for a servant indeed,
By the people who owned him before he was freed;
So I began learning to figure and spell,
And in a few weeks and months I was reading quite well;
Then my father would call me to read every night,
And show all the others how his boy could recite.

Meanwhile the man died who owned the great farm,
And this put my father in fearful alarm.

I heard him say sadly that we all must be gone,
For the place has been sold with the cotton and corn;
So we moved into town where our living came dear
But the people had school in the church every year;
So I went on to school with a heart light and gay,
While my father worked hard for support every day.

Then my father fell sick and lingered a year,
Grew worse—and then died and left his boy here,
My heart sank within me as I saw him that night,
Bid good bye to all and then take his flight.
My hopes were all blasted, my chances were gone,
Dear father had left me for ever undone,
I sank in despair with a heart full of grief,
And no way could I see where I might get relief.

A few days of weeping and anguish passed by,
And I thought of his words when he looked in my eye:
“Darling, you can be a man though I never could,”
And I said, “Yes I can,” and decided I would.
I could not go to school with my class in the day,
But I could go at night and keep up in that way,
So I chopped up the wood and swept up the floor,
To pay my tuition and help me to go.

My dear mother helped me, though poor and unlearned,
She made tallow candles for her darling to burn;
I worked all the day and studied at night,
And read many books with the sweetest delight,
When I came to young manhood I went off to school
And finished a course according to rule,
And now I am working the best that I can,
To honor my father by being a man.

Through the years which have flown since his knee I stood
by,
With my face upturned as he looked in my eye,
I have heard those words ringing, like a voice from the
sky,
"Darling, you can be a man if you'll only try."
When tempted by evil, they ring clear and loud,
Like my dear father's voice ringing down from the cloud;
Then my spirit takes courage, for the right thing to stand,
And I shun the temptation, and I know I'm a man.

The Query

Where is the land for which we sigh,
Where saints live on and never die?
Where Eden's flowers grow and bloom,
Where pain and anguish cannot come?
I would be there; O, tell me where.

Where is that place where Christ has gone,
To reign upon His Father's throne,
Where angels sing and seraphs fly,
With golden wings in mansions high?
I would be there; O, tell me where.

Where is that city of the soul,
With streets bedecked with shining gold?
Where glimmers one eternal day,
Where storms and darkness cannot stay?
I would be there; O, tell me where.

Where is that place the Bible gives,
Where saints shall rise on high to live?
Where congregations meet and stay,
No moon, no sun by night or day?
I would be there; O, tell me where.

Where are those fields of glory bright,
Where God's own face doth make the light?
Where angels do God's holy will,
And saints play harps with heavenly skill?
I would be there; O, tell me where.

Where is the place my mother went,
To meet my father who was sent
Sometime before her; there to wait
And greet her at the pearly gate?
I would be there; O, tell me where.

Is it above great Orion,
Ten million times beyond the sun?
It is the place where God dwells most,
The Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
You've told me where; I'm going there.

Br A Kicker

There's a certain kind of kicking,
That a man has got to do,

Though he sometimes gets a licking,
It will always bring him through;
He must understand conditions,
Know just when and how to kick,
How to make his propositions,
How to make objections stick.

Do not kick at every donkey,
When you hear the foolish bray;
Or you'll make yourself a flunky
And as big a fool as they.
Do not kick because you're fretted
At the way some people do,
For they'll keep your temper whetted,
Make you angry, sore and blue.

Do not kick at those beneath you
When they try to pull you down,
For you're sure to get them with you,
When you stop to kick and frown:
Do not kick a fallen brother,
Though he may have acted wrong,
For he somewhere has a mother,
And she loves him deep and strong.

Never kick at everybody,
Find the object you would strike;
If you kick the whole creation,
You will kick yourself alike.
Do not kick when men are mocking
At the way you try to live,
For the kick will bring you nothing,
But will make you something give.

Kick the thing that hurts the people,
Be it tyrant, knave or king,
Kick it higher than a steeple,
Make the whole creation ring.
Kick it though it hurts the kicker,
Kick it quick and kick it strong;
You can heal the trouble quicker,
When you kick the monster down.

Kick that awful jug of liquor,
Kick the man who brings it in,
If you'd rout the devil quicker,
Kick his bottle; spill his gin.
Kick the bootleg and the smuggler,
Kick the man who breaks the laws,
Kick the dude and kill the hugger,
Kick for every righteous cause.

Kick for church and kick for country,
Kick for friends and kick for home,
Kick the devil's bold affrontery,
Kick until the kingdom comes.
Kick for light and education,
Kick for liberty and peace,
Kick hard for a reputation,
Kick and kick and never cease.

Kick for good men in elections,
Kick to keep the bad ones out,
Kick for government protection;
Kick so hard that none may doubt.
There's a certain kind of kicking,
That a man has got to do,
If you would not take the licking,
Be a kicker, brave and true.

Hourly Turner College

Near a beautiful country village,
With a lovely campus green,
With gardens, fields and vintage,
Turner College may be seen.

Here students proudly gather,
When the autumn days have come,
Here, the teachers meet each other,
In their lovely college home.

Here, the intellect grows sharper;
And the moral life grows firm;
And the boys and girls grow better,
As they pass from term to term.

Her walls are decked with jewels
Prepared by Negro hands;
Her fields are rich with products,
Which answer all demands.

You ask why we support her?
The answer is quite plain,
She stands for Negro manhood,
The product of his brain.

She trains the hand to handle,
She guides the mind to think,
And lifts the powers mental
To heaven's holy brink.

She will not take steps backward,
She stands for all that's good,
For this we must support her,
And treat her as we should.

My Native Village

Many years have passed by since I left the old spot
Of my youth and my childhood days;
Many things have been changed in the village I loved,
And the people have altered their ways.
When I stop at "Dear Paris," the little green town,
Mounted high on a hill of red clay,
I note—the old Court House and building around,
Have all been taken away.

Instead of that structure, so ancient in style,
Where lawyers won greatness and fame;
Stands another quite modern beneath its great spile,
With justice still holding its claim.
The wooden roofed houses surrounding the square,
Have yielded their places and gone,
And great business buildings are now standing there,
Both of brick and of beautiful stone.

On the arms of the streets running out from the square,
Where once the log cabins stood thick,
Are buildings palatial and costly and rare,
Of richly carved wood and of brick.
The streets once ditto, for deep, muddy roads,
Have been mettled with centers raised high,
And the rickety side-walks of sun twisted boards,
Have yielded to grandolith style.

As I walk up the streets where once in the mud,
Our wagons were stuck every wheel;
I hear the honk-honk and the sputter-sput-spud,
While on sweeps the automobile.

I stop at the corner where once the town pump,
With water the people supplied,
But no well is there, not even a lump,
Of the clay once withered and dried.

But water abundant in hydrants are found,
Where all may partake of it free ;
While fountains in all public places around,
Are beautiful pictures to see.
The churches and hotels have all been rebuilt,
And all the theatres are new,
The claptrappy mills where our grinding was spilt,
Have yielded to better ones too.

The people have changed very much like the times,
This is, as it really should be,
For if they were not they would all be behind.
And this would be grievous to see.
Old Confederates are there as they were long ago,
But with much of their hatred subdued,
The old Union soldier is there as before,
And his malice is leaving him too.

The white man is there still looking for gold,
The black man, still looking for work ;
They well understand relations of old,
And neither his duty will shirk.
They live here in peace, a genuine peace,
Which no one may dare to disturb,
They stand each for all, and will not release
The power, their passions to curb.

O, dear Little Paris, the spot of my birth,
The place where I first saw the light ;

I'll never forget thee, in sadness or mirth,
In thee shall my heart take delight.
I will pray for thy people and wish for thy weal,
And weep for thy sorrows and woes,
I'll laugh in thy triumphs and shout in thy joys,
And defend thy good name against foes.

Advent Of The Archers

As archers we have come to stay,
With bow and shaft we'll win our way;
No borrowed words or stolen signs,
No grips which other men designed.

We bear no grudge to other men,
We love the church and will defend
It, when assailed by Satan's host,
And never see it suffer loss.

We love the race of which we are,
We love our country, keep the law,
We will not bow to things that's low,
But kindness will to others show.

We have no time to quarrel and spat;
Our calling's high above all that,
Our duty we must ever do,
Be in devotion always true.

E'er since we climbed to Ezel's top,
Our hearts have had no wish to stop,
But climbing higher still we go,
Determ'd to reach the shining show.

With arrow fixed and bow well strung,
We'll wait for God to say well done.
Then over in that happy clime,
We'll take our place beyond all time.

Thornt' Aden

Thornt' Aden was a Negro man,
Who lived in our town;
And earned his bread and butter too,
By playing fool and clown.

He could be seen upon the streets,
Fixed up in funny plight,
With motto painted on his back,
In bold relief: "Do right."

Around the Court House, in the stores,
You'd see him day and night;
What ever wrong that *he* might do,
He'd tell *you* to do right.

Whatever he needed he would take
From any store in town,
And when the merchants found it out,
They'd laugh at Thornt' the clown.

"I do not steal," he'd often say,
"I simply slip at night,
And get the things on which to live,
And my business is right."

He'd twist his face up like a fig
 Pressed in a small box tight,
Lick out his tongue and smack his lips
 And tell you to do right.

He took a turkey from the roost
 And sold it thrice one night,
Then placed it back upon the perch,
 And left before 'twas light.

And when the men who bought the fowl,
 Came out at break of dawn,
And found no turkey in their coops,
 They laughed at 'Thornt' the clown.

The people liked him, old and young,
 For he was quite polite;
The only man who could do wrong
 And live upon the right.

Patriotism (?)

"Give liberty or give me death,"
 Cried Patrick Henry bold;
But when the time for dying came,
 He would not be enrolled.

He worked his rapid firing piece,
 A perfect human gun;
Which belched hot air balls from his throat,
 And spilt them with his tongue.

What battle storms this patriot braved,
What fighting he has done ;
History has not recorded yet ;
Perhaps its best unknown.

The men who died upon the fields
For liberty and wealth,
Belched leaden bullets from their guns
And not their fiery breath.

With courage bold they marched the fields,
Midst leaden hail and shot ;
And when grim death stood in their way,
They quailed or quivered not.

They bravely died for what they loved,
For freedom and for right,
They knew the cause for which they stood
Demanded them to fight.

They knew that loud and swelling words,
In legislative halls,
Would not bring freedom to their land,
It took the leaden balls.

This has been true in all time past,
That some men fight with air ;
But those who bring us freedom true,
Their breasts to bullets bare.

These men are poor, both black and white,
In wealth of common stuff ;
But rich in love for home and land,
And give their lives in proof.

Through all the conflicts from the first,
On down to San Juan Hill;
Hot speaking never took one fort;
Perhaps it never will.

On Boston Commons, Bunker Hill.
Fort Sumter and the rest;
The men who served their country most,
Were those who spoke the less.

"Give liberty, or give me death,"
Is very nice to say,
But those who would be free indeed,
Must for their freedom pay.

It cost the life of Jesus Christ,
To free a sinful world;
So we must pay for freedom's cause,
And die for freedom's soil.

Let him be free who strikes the blow,
To burst his slavish chains;
Let him be cursed, who will not strike,
And still a slave remain.

Great swelling words and hot air balls,
No victories ever won;
The men who paid for liberty,
Used powder, balls and guns.

Knights Of Pythias

Knights of Pythias, noble band,
Of Sirs, brave and true;
The tripple ties by which they stand,
Forever must endure.

Friendship, the first foundation stone,
Was by Jehovah laid;
For this our Savior left His throne,
Until man's debt was paid.

No brighter gem can shine in heaven,
Than friendship can bestow,
No purer gift to man is given,
Than friendship here below.

The sweep of ages shall pass by,
While heaven and earth dissolve;
But friendship true to God on high,
Will dwell in heaven above.

Sweet charity, the next great stone,
In her foundation laid;
Is God Himself, for God alone,
Is love and love indeed.

Damon and Pythias had this love,
This is why one could give
His own dear life with all its joys,
To let the other live.

A pledge so dear and yet so sweet,
Has never yet been known;
As one who pledges his own life
To save the other one.

None but the brave, the true, the great,
Would such a deed attempt,
It's not like men; 'tis more like God,
Incarnate; sin exempt.

Benevolence completes the tie ;
A sealed foundation firm,
Right on they live and cannot die,
They have no ending term.

Like adamantine stone built up,
Benevolence crowning all ;
Friendship and charity sweet cup,
This forms the Pythian wall.

Upon this wall of solid strength,
All true, brave men may stand,
Unhindered by a shortened length,
Or color, creed or land.

None but the brave and truly great
Are welcome in this host ;
They want the men who guard the gate
And die upon the post.

Men who can face the pointed steel,
And meet the flaming sword,
A gallant knight who will not wheel
And flee from duty's road.

They want good men who can be true,
To women and to God,
For knighthood is a gallant crew,
Who bears a pennant rod.

And now brave knights, I've sung my lay,
Just fifteen verses long,
But I could sing both night and day
Of knighthood brave and strong.

The Mean Man

The man that's mean is born so,
And never will be good;
He has no wish to be a saint,
And would not if he could.
He'd rather die, the wretch he is,
Than be a saint and always live.

If you could once convert him,
You'd have to do it twice,
Then multiply that twice by four,
To save his wretched life.
In his bad heart a *single* change,
Would never cause him to refrain.

The mean man has no conscience,
Virtue he does not know:
Ungrateful in his every move,
A brute from head to toe.
He never thinks it worth his while
To give his closest friend a smile.

The First Flower

Dedicated to Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Woore at the birth of their
first-born, Willie Maulele

The ruby lips of infancy
Hath kissed the midnight air,
And knit together two stronger hearts
More closely than they were;

This holy tie can never break
While mortal memory lasts,
Uniting as it does a love,
So pure, so true, so vast.

None perhaps, but those whose hearts
Have thus been bound,
By those tender offsprings,
Which were by the stork of nature found,
Can feel the deep sensation of the heart
That makes us one,
To live together by Jehovah's laws
Till all our days are done.

An infant, small, untutored,
And unlearned,
Weilding a scepter stronger
Than that for which a king doth yearn;
Its smallest want will stir the heart
And drive us on,
To deeds which are not in
The hottest battles won.

Sometimes Papa will walk
His lonely floor in night attire,
Sometimes he'll be hunting
Fuel from which to make a fire;
Sometimes the paragoric bottle
Can't be found,
Sometimes late at night,
He'll be on his way to town.

Long before winter's gone
He'll be hunting catnip tea,
And to get some mistletoe
He'll be forced to climb a tree ;
Mother needs her rest and now,
He must let her sleep ;
But he has made a pledge and vow,
Which he must keep.
Poor fellow ; nothing else would do,
He just would have it so,
Now when his little baby cries
He must get up and go ;
Sometimes it's dark, sometimes
It's cold, but still,
The little queen her scepter waves,
And she must have her will.
But still midst all of this
There is some real joy,
This girl's but a single flower
On his path, the next may be a boy,
Then the next and the next and next
Will come,
And keep the flowers blooming
All around his home.

Sleeping, She Dorth Well

She sleeps 'neath the sod by a wide-spreading tree,
By the side of the man who was so dear to me,
Her anguish is over and her journey is done,
She has now joined her friend, her own noble one.

No more weeping tears, heart aching no more ;
No more doubts and fears, no more sorrow and woe ;
She sleeps, blessed sleep, with the man whom she loved,
Guardian angel keep watch from the heaven above.
She was true to her love, sung his praise like a bard,
Watching over his soul till it went back to God ;
'Then she struggled with trials fighting sin day and night,
'Till she ended her course, in the sweetest delight,
Now she sleeps, sweetly sleeps on the top of the hill,
Free from tempests and fears, free from crosses and ills.
Sweet, sweet be her rest after toiling so long,
As she lies in repose by her own noble one.
There will be a great awakening, in the eternal morn,
Then our Dudley and Jennie will get up with the throng,
We will meet them and greet them and tell how we came ;
Trusting wholly in Jesus and praising His name.

Gets By

It was out in Old Virginia,
In the country, far from town,
Where the raccoon and opossum,
And the fleet wild deer were found.
But at certain times we could not hunt ;
For the law said not, in terms quite blunt.

It was out of the hunting season,
When a white man came from town,
All dressed out in his hunting clothes,
With a gun that weighed ten pounds.
He met a black man on the way,
And said, "Have you seen any deer today?"

"Yas, Boss," said the black man quickly,

"I seed um all er roun,
But ye bet'n' not kill um zactly,
De 'ul lock ye up in town."

The white man said, "I do not fear,
I came from town to shoot some deer."

"But Boss, ye bet'n' not kill um,
De lors will git ye sho,
I'd hate to see ye wid um,
Go marchin on befo."

"For the laws," said he, "I do not care,
Just show me where to find the deer."

The black man commenced laughing,
And said, "I'll sho um to yu,
Ef yu kin kill de deer dat wa,
Den I kin kill sum tu.
I did kill a big wun yistiddy,
An hid him at hom up in de ha."

"Did you kill a deer yesterday?"
Asked the white man with a smile,
"Do you know who I am, old man,
And why I've rode for miles?"
"No, hoo is yu?" the black man said,
While with one hand he scratched his head.

"A detective," said the white man,
"And I came out to find
You rascals that's been shooting deer,
Through all the summertime.
I've caught you now, come go to town,
You'll have to go before Squire Brown."

"Wate," said the black man grinnin,
"Do yu no hoo I is?"
"No, who are you?" said the white man.
And the black man spoke like this:
"I's de only nigger in de Souf,
Dat nebber wus nown to tell de truf.

"Nobody beleves whut I sa,
No eben mi wife and son,
Boss, I has never kill no deer,
An never shot er gun,
I's de biges liar in de state dey sa."
The white man turned and rode away.

How We Know It

It's Easter, everybody knows,
We know it by the people's clothes,
For everyone is dressed so gay,
And looks so fine on Easter Day.

Some seem to think that Easter time,
Means nothing but to dress up fine;
Somehow they do not know, this day
Should be well kept in every way.

A resurrection from the dead,
Not from the wardrobe or the trunk,
Not high plumed hats to deck the head,
And things which make the people drunk.

O, glorious Easter! What a shame!
That we this Holy Day profane,
And think not of the One who rose,
And vanished all our mighty foes.
And now my friends, don't think me rude,
For speaking thus of things that's true;
For people to be really good,
Must keep a risen Lord in view.

Glorious Easter

O! Glorious Easter, golden day,
The Savior comes again,
Up from the grave down where He lay,
And walks on earth with men.
Today we meet to lift His praise,
In music and in song,
And publish to the world His grace,
With heart and voice and tongue.
Let Afric's children all rejoice,
And sing sweet songs of love,
To Him who died and rose again
That we might live above.

Easter Morning

It's Easter Morning, and we hear,
The church bells ringing, loud and clear,
They tell the story sweet and plain,
Of Him who died and rose again.

The springing grass and lilly's bloom,
Repeat His rising from the tomb,
The birds are singing loud and sweet,
As if they would the Savior greet.

So children, we of Afric's race,
Will tune our hearts to sing His grace,
With birds and flowers His courts adorn,
And praise His name on Easter Morn.

Glad Easter

The springtime is here and glad Easter has come,
And the grass and the flowers are growing,
Little seeds come peeping up out of their homes,
And the warm spring showers are pouring.

This day tells the story of Jesus Who rose,
From the grave, in triumph and power;
Of His victory o'er death and over His foes;
How He saves us from sin every hour.

Then lift high your voice and the sweet story tell,
Of the King who rose in His glory,
With heart and with tongue, let the glad anthem swell
Till the world of mankind learn the story.

My Easter Dress

Mamma made my Easter dress,
Papa bought my shoes,
Sister fixed my hair like this,
And pinned it with a rose.

I'm one of Jesus' little lambs,
And I came out to say,
Just how He rose up from the dead,
On this glad Easter day.
He rose up early in the morn,
About the break of day,
When angels came down from the skies,
And rolled the stone away.

Easter The Resurrection

O, resurrection morning!
Fair Easter, pure and bright!
When Jesus left the rocky tomb,
In heaven's holy light.
Bright angels came from glory,
And rolled the stone away,
Our Savior, pure and holy,
Came forth on Easter day.
Let angels tell the story,
Let all join in their song,
Of resurrection glory,
On this, our Easter morn.

Little Ned And Easter

"It must be Easter, mother,"
Said humble little Ned,
"I see the folks all dressed up so,
With flowers in their heads.

"One year ago you told me,
That if I would be good
Till Easter, I might go to church;
I promised that I would.

"Now, what have I done, mother,
In this whole year that's wrong?
I've worked through six days every week,
And Sundays stayed at home.

"You say I have no clothing,
And things to dress me fine?
You bought your clothing, mother,
Why did you not buy mine?

"You say, just stay here this time,
And next year I may go?"
"Good bye," she went and left him,
But never saw him more.

He left his home that morning,
To wander far and wide,
Dear mother had deceived him,
And all his wants denied.

Christmas Blessings

Now the Christmas bells are ringing,
From the steeples on the hills;
And the lovely choirs are singing,
Music sweet our souls to thrill.

Let us come and join the chorus,
With sweet melody and rhyme;
Sing of Jesus gone before us,
Who was born at Christmas time.

Let the people know the story,
Tell it all the world around;
How the Savior came from glory,
Bore the cross to win the crown.

Let the merry, merry Christmas
Fill our hearts and minds with love;
For the Savior who has blessed us,
And will take us up above.

Is Santa Claus Quite Fair?

They say that Santa Clause is good,
And that he's always fair,
And treats all children as he should
No difference whom they are.

To me it does not look quite true,
For he came down last night;
And presents, he had very few,
For poor folks, black and white.

I met a rich boy on the street,
Whose father owns a store,
All loaded down from head to feet,
Till he could want no more.

And next I met a poor man's boy,
Who toils from day to day,
And he had but one simple toy,
A little pony gray.

If Santa Clause is good to all,
Why don't he give the poor
Some horses, books and toys and balls?
Why give the rich ones more?

Old Chris Has Come At Last

Old Chris was a long time coming,
But he made it over the hills at last;
Last night in the noise and the drumming,
He came with the storm and the blast.
He comes once a year with his presents,
To make little hearts feel glad,
Then he goes on his way so pleasant,
Still watching both the good and the bad.
If Old Chris would come twice as often,
With his fun and his sport and his glee,
I think that some hard hearts would soften,
And they'd give with a mind full and free.
If he'd come both in winter and in summer,
With his gifts to the rich and the poor;
I know there would be none to murmur,
And we'd love Dear Old Chris more and more.

Merry Christmas

Merry Christmas, full of fun,
The boys will fire the Christmas gun;
The little girls all full of glee,
Will sing around the Christmas tree.

Old Santa Clause is coming down,
In country homes and through the towns,
And all good boys and girls will see
How much he loves them in their glee.

The presents Santa brings will tell,
'Those who have done their duties well;
He'll not forget each faithful boy
And girl; to bring some useful toy.

All those who go to Sunday School,
And follow out the golden rule,
Will be made glad on Christmas day,
And filled with laughter, sport and play.

If I were a Christmas bell,
I'd ring the news so loud,
'That angels would look down on me
From way above the cloud.

The Passing Of The Year

A year has swiftly passed away,
Another year has come;
'The time is short and day by day,
We're traveling to the tomb.

The fleeting time and rolling years,
Doth move us swiftly on:
Midst trials great and falling tears,
We'll reach the gates beyond.

A year, how fast it passes by!
And is forever gone;
We live and move and sink and die,
Before our aims are known.

With time so short and years so fast,
How careful we should be!
For as on earth the time we pass
So comes eternity.

O! grant us Lord to live and move
Upon this mundane sphere,
That life may but a blessing prove,
And death be without fear.

Passing Away

We are passing away as the years go by,
As the seconds, minutes and hours fly;
Each brings us nearer to the tomb,
And closer to the world to come.

We are sailing swiftly over the sea
Of time, into eternity.
Each year that passes makes one more
The less, until we reach the shore.

We are sailing on and can not stay,
A mighty hand marks out the way;
This hand no power can forestall,
It rules the world and governs all.

None can delay the time which moves
Us; ever onward to our love;
As days and months and years go by,
'They speed us upward to the sky.

We would not halt here, if we could,
We could not linger if we would,
So we pass on with rolling years,
Heedless of woes and doubts and fears.

The Dying Year

'The old year is dying; put your hand to its heart,
And feel the pulsations give way;
It has lived out its time and now must depart,
While another ushers in a new day.

It is dying, but not without history complete,
It recorded the good and the bad;
Father Time brings its doings, to lay at its feet,
Some cheerful, some gloomy and sad.

"It dies," says the clock hanging high on the wall,
"Just a few fleeting moments are left;"
Hold your ear to its heart and hear the stern call,
"Old year, come and stand for yourself."

It is dying—having finished the work of a year,
But it smiles as it gives the last breath;
You can see on its well-rounded cheek not a tear,
Not a sigh on its bosom for death.

O! that we might do our work like the years,
And then, when the time comes to die,
Fall gently to sleep without weeping a tear
And go to a home in the sky.

The Thief On The Cross

By Uncle Moses

I tell yu young folkes, hits er mouty bad thing,
Fur ter put off yor pra'in tu late,
De devul he's bizzy er nosin er roun,
An he ul git yu ez sho ez yu wate.
Dars plenty uv pepul dat wated yu no,
An sed dar was plenty uv time,
But de greedy ole monster come slippin er long,
An took um ter whar dey was gwine.

Yu kin tork uv de thefe on de cross an all dat,
But hits not gwine ter du yu no gude;
You ma be er thefe; but yu not on de cross,
Er hangin up dar wid de Lawd.
Dat thefe on de cross had er mouty slim chance,
Jes er chance dat I don wanter take,
He ma want ter heaben like sum pepul sa,
But hit 'pears like he went ter de lake.

Fur Jesus we no went down in ter hell,
Befo up ter heaben he rose,
Ef de thefe den was wid him thru all uv dat day,
He didn't cum back, ez we nose.

So yu better not foller de wa uv de thefe,
Kaz nobody nose whar he went,
But la down yor sinin an cum ter de Lawd,
An bleve in His wurd and repent.

I tell yu young pepul lits er mouty gude time,
Ter pra for de trubuls dey cum;
Whe de ole frame is thumpin an akin wid pain,
Yor pra'in ul be mouty mum.
Jes tek up de cross fur Jesus hoo dide,
An go ter de top uv de hill,
An den de pepul ul sa dat yu tride,
An dun all de wurk wid er will.

Den de preacher kin stan up an speak like er man,
An not be er dodgin er bout;
He kin tork uv yor gudeness an sa whar yu gone,
An nun uv de pepul ul doubt.
But when he mus tek up de thefe on de cross,
An tell all er bout how he scaped,
De pepul all hangin an shakin dere heds:
Dey all bleve yu got dar tu late.

Mr. Dan And The Devil, Or Two As Well Met

Mr. Dan and the Devil on the highway met
While both on great mischief were bent,
Said the Devil to Dan, "Much money you'll get
If you'll do as I say and not repent.
There's too much of peace in this goodly land.
We need just a little more strife;
So just take up your pen and write as you can,
And add a little misery to life."

Said Dan to the Devil, "Come tell me I pray,
How writing will bring me the gold,
I am willing to write almost any way,
If the writing I do can be sold.
I have education and hatred and sin;
All valuable weapons for war,
Mister Devil, just show me the way to begin,
And touch on the places that's raw."

Said the Devil, "You see how the Negro comes up,
And stands in his place like a man;
Just mix up some gall and pour in the cup,
And stir up the whites in the land,
Go down to the graveyard and call up the dead,
Fill all the white people with fear;
Make them look on the Negro with horror and dread,
And stir up a wonderful scare."

"Make the white man believe the land is accursed,
While the Negro walks over it free;
Your books will be sold and fatten your purse
While doing this service for me.
Your name will be great and you'll go to the stage,
Far better than pulpit and church,
The Negro will suffer because of the rage,
But the white man will honor you much."

Said Dan, "It seems just the thing I should do,
And I'll try it with all of my might;
The Devil's advice is both good and true,
So I'll turn from my Bible and write."

But he first divested himself of the truth,
And cast off the great golden rule,
Then daggered his virtue and conscience forsooth,
And went with the Devil to school.

And when he returned from the college of hell,
A doctor of hatred and sin;
By the smell of his garments the people could tell,
He had found out the place to begin.
The fire brands were hot as they fell from his pen,
And all his allusions were mean,
Hobgoblins came rolling up out of their dens,
With imps that had never been seen.

He flooded the country with stories of hate,
And filled all the nation with ire,
The spots of the leopard and clans all relate,
How he came from the region of fire.
The Negro has suffered, the white man has wept,
While Dan got the fortune and gold,
The Devil has laughed as he thought of the depth,
To which Dan has driven his soul.

Now, Dan and the Devil's in partnership still,
But Dan is now losing his game;
The Devil has paid him for all of his skill,
With money and some kind of fame;
But the Devil ne'er promised to pay all the cost,
For mischief which Dan was to do,
So Dan must now pay in bitter remorse,
Forever; eternity through.

His perishing fame and glittering name,
Will be taken from history and lost;
His gold will go back to the place whence it came,
And poor Dan must now pay up the cost.
The strife he has made must be summed up in full,
With all of the damage put in,
Jehovah will call him according to rule,
To settle with justice for sin.

Ransom Plus Porter

A Resolution and Confession

We have resolved, in spite of all
The ill to us which come,
This land shall not our prison be,
And neither be our tomb.

Our ears have heard strange music ring,
Through many passing years;
The clanking chains and cracking lash,
And fetters break 'mid tears.

We've heard the shout of triumph, too,
And songs of freedom glad,
Which rose above the mourning voice,
Of country, sick and sad.

Since up from slavery's darkened pen,
To freedom's light we rose,
That light has not our vision blind,
To heights which lie before.

We do not boast by pointing back,
To monuments we've made,
But forward to the heights we press,
And will the heights attain.

These unscaled heights we will ascend,
By efforts strong and brave,
We ask no pity as we rise,
Just don't obstruct the way.

We carry weights of ignorance
And poverty, 'tis true,
But do not ask that others bear
The burdens we are due.

We simply ask an open way,
As we are passing on,
The burdens we'll release ourselves,
And lose them as we run.

The Hosts Of Archery

What means this young swelling host,
Of sons and daughters true?
From East and West and North and South
With banners, gold and blue?
Why do they come? What do they want?
What is their purpose here?
What will they do? Whom will they help?
Why do they have no fear?

Who is that chief that leads them on,
With dauntless courage brave?
What means those archers at his side,
With features stern and grave?
What means the quiver of the bow,
The emblem of this host?
Why do they love each other so,
And lean together most?
What are the conquests they must face?
What victories shall they win?
What do they strive for in the race,
For righteousness or sin?
Why have they come at this late day,
With ancient weapons rare?
What power is in the bow they have,
And quiver which they bear?
These are the archers of the world,
Children of noble men;
From East and West and North and South,
Where gold and blue doth blend.
They come to meet their gallant chief,
They want to do the right,
Their purpose is to give relief,
And conquer in the fight.
They can and will, do much that's good.
They'll help the poor to live.
They are not in a fearful mood,
Because they're blest to give.
That chief who leads this noble band,
Is he who made them thus.
Supreme in archery he stands,
With great and sacred trust.

'Twas he whose heart was touched by love,
For home and church and land,
'Twas he whose brain conceived the move,
To formulate this band.

In Judah's kingdom long gone by,
Two patron saints he saw,
In friendship's bond together tied,
With bow and quiver near.

He watched their actions, felt their love,
Then took their noble vow.

He called his fellows then to prove,
This bond of friendship true.

With friendship's bonds he bound them there
With duty made them fast,
And with devotion did declare,
That brotherly love should last.

'Twas those who saw the light and came,
Who made him chief of staff,
And honored him through life the same,
To lead this noble craft.

They honor him who honors God.

This order honors both.
Defend the church and keep the road,
The watchword of this host.

Those archers by his side are they,
Who caught the trumpet's sound,
And climbed up Ezel, steep and gray,
To stand on higher ground.

With visage stern and hearts that's brave,
They'll break through every foe,
And fight the battle, gain the day,
With arrow and with bow.

The bow and quiver which they wield,
Is not in carnal strife.
But they that make the heart to feel,
And beautify the life.
And these were used by David's friend,
To point out dangers sure.
Now, they are used by archer men,
To point out things that's true.
They love each other for the truth
Which runs through all the host,
And so from age to lowest youth,
They lean together most.
The pledges they have vowed to keep
Hath bound them in one band,
With breast to breast and heart to heart,
They must forever stand.
The conquests they must face are great,
They fight for moral thrift.
The victories they shall win are meant,
To all the race uplift.
The righteous side of every cause,
Is where their legions go;
For church and state and home and land,
They stand against the foe.
Quite true they've come at this late day,
But not too late to win.
For 'tis the day when men are led
By worldly pride and sin.
Just at the time to help the church,
Turn back the tide to God.
Just at the time when men so much
Doth need the chastening rod.

The power that's in these archer's bows,
Is but the power of love.
The strength which from these arrows flow,
Is like to that above.
They do not seek for battle strife,
Mid carnage, blood and death,
But seek to help in real life,
With money, goods and wealth.

Long live the archer's noble band!
Long live their chieftain true!
Long live her blessings through the land!
Long live her members, too!
Long may they stand together bound!
Long may their friendship last!
Long may her circles roll around,
'Till all earth's woes are past !!

Samuel Houston Porter

Our Only Boy

SAMUEL, answer to prayer; called of God,
Yea God did call thee; though with a smiting rod;
Thou didst answer that call without fear.
Thou wast born to earth on August day, and came
To gladden for a while an humble but happy home.
When thy ruby lips first kissed the zephyrs
Of that summer morn, thy chubby feet and hands
Were active in thy little crib by mother's bed;
A thought of future manhood filled two loving hearts,
And they gave God the praise for their first born.

How happy went the days! as thou didst grow up
Into childhood and to youth. And then thy active
'Though tender mind, didst grow ambitious
And would not cease to work with problems
Which was enough and too much for older minds,
Which are stronger, than by any means, thine could have
been.

Thou didst not think, nor we, that any harm was near
thee,

When the fatal stroke which sent thee to thy bed of death
Overcame thee and bore thee down,
Never to rise again or to be restored as thou hadst been.

Through weary nights and anxious days,
We waited for the change which should give thee back
To gladden our cottage and lift our hearts once more
In praise to Him who first sent thee to dwell
A while with us on His splendid footstool. But alas!
That change for better, as mortals see it, never came,
While we stand bowed in tears, we still praise God,
For lending us a jewel so divinely bright;
Who dwelt with us just long enough to light the way
That shall lead us ever onward and upward to a better
day.

Forget thee? No mortal who ever knew thee as we have
known

Can fail to remember with sweetest recollections thy bright
face,

Which like an angel blessed our one time happy home.
We see thee every day. Thou doth still sit at the morn-
ing meal,

Near thy sweet sister and bless the food we eat.

We see thee on thy way to school, then back at eve,
With thy boyhood tools in thy skillful hands
At work, and doing useful things about our home.
We hear thee still saying thine evening prayers,
And watch thy sweet, boyish face, dimpled in night re-
pose.

Thy bright spirit will linger with us through all this life;
And we believe that thou wilt be sent by Him who loves
us

Bye and bye, to guide our spirits when we come to
heaven.

Dear Samuel! Thou was truly an answer to our prayers
And though we can not understand why God should take
thee

Back so soon to Himself, we will wait and hope,
Yea more than this, expect to see thee in the skies.
To us no angel ever came to earth so full of love,
That was so soon withdrawn from our mortal view
And left us thinking, as we think of you.





PAYNE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

